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OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS -
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

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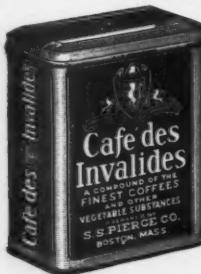
SCENE AT WORK-HORSES' CHRISTMAS DINNER, BOSTON (See page 25) Wide World Photos

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Tremont Temple Bird Lectures

THE Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals again joins with the Massachusetts Audubon Society in offering a program of special interest to the members of both Societies. Please note carefully place and hour as well as dates.

The Place, Tremont Temple, Boston
The Hour, 2 P. M., on Saturdays

February 26, WILLIAM L. FINLEY

Mr. Finley was all last summer up in Behring Sea, on the Pribilof and Aleutian Islands, and among the glaciers and ice-topped mountains of Alaska, seeking adventure among the birds and wild animals of this ultimate wilderness region. He writes, concerning the trip: "As a whole, I have the best material we have ever collected. As to birds, I have a large murre colony on Bogoslof, as well as gulls, puffins, auklets, rosy finches and others on the Pribilofs, willow and rock ptarmigan in the rugged region about Mt. McKinley, water ouzels along the streams, eagles, etc. We had a seagull chick which traveled with us as a pet. There are pictures of whales, fur seals and sea-lions, fish, moose, bear and mountain sheep, a whole reel of bears, especially the story of two cubs we had as mascots."

March 5, THORNTON W. BURGESS

Mr. Burgess is the greatest friend of the little people of the Green Forest, the Smiling Pool and all the other children of Old Mother Nature that the human children have ever known. He will be there with his movies and still pictures, his delightful stories, and, best of all, himself. Every young person between the ages of six and sixty-six loves Burgess and will want to be there to meet and greet him.

March 12, EDWARD AVIS

Mr. Avis spent last spring in England, studying the English birds, listening to the nightingale, the skylark and all the other sweet singing birds famous in poetry and in prose, wherever English is read. He learned their songs and with that wonderful faculty of his now reproduces them perfectly. He compares them with our bird-songs and he will bring his wonderful pictures with him.

March 19, DONALD B. MACMILLAN

This famous Arctic explorer will show the birds of the far north, give vividly detailed stories of his adventures in that strange and wonderful region, tales of bear and seal and of the Eskimos, illustrated with miles of moving-picture reels showing these things, together with the beauties and dangers of the land of the midnight sun. Captain MacMillan's lecture will be a fitting climax to this wonderful course.

The two Societies, The Massachusetts Audubon Society for the protection of birds and The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, both are interested in the protection of birds and the lectures make the same appeal to the constituency of each. The Audubon Society therefore has welcomed our co-operation and feels that the results will be mutually beneficial.

TICKETS.—Season tickets will not be sold at the door, but two each will be mailed to many of our members on or about February first; not as an appeal for additional gifts to our regular contributors, but in the belief that many of them would be glad to avail themselves of the opportunity to hear these distinguished speakers. The price of these course tickets will be \$2.50 each. Single admissions will be on sale at the office of the Audubon Society or at the door at 75 cents each.

A limited number of RESERVED SEATS have been set aside on the floor of the hall. Price for the course, \$5.00 each. Reserved seats for single lectures will be on sale at \$1.50 each at the office of the Massachusetts Audubon Society and at the office of our Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, on and after February 20.

Proceeds to be Divided Between the Two Societies

Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark Registered

FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM

The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

The American Humane Education Society

The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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No. 2

AUGUSTA, Maine, has set aside a definite space within its limits for parking horses. The city evidently thinks their owners have some rights as well as the owners of automobiles.

NINETY per cent of the so-called short hauls in New York City in the distribution of bakery products, ice cream, laundry, and milk, is by horses. This is what the secretary of the American Horse Association says.

IN October last there were in the United States 2,600 deaths from automobile accidents. Each day, on an average, took its toll of 84. Seventy per cent of the victims were pedestrians, and 32 per cent were under fifteen years of age.

WE learn that there are now seventeen societies under the Roman headquarters of the Rome S. P. C. A. gaining support from both State and Church. What a witness to that heroic worker, Leonard T. Hawksley, who has devoted his life to this great work in the Eternal City!

THROUGH a friend of the American Humane Education Society in Constantinople, prizes have been offered in ten American schools in the Near East for the best essay on "The Value of Bird Protection," also for the best true story of a bird or animal brought in and told by a pupil.

MECHANICAL HARES," and a newly compounded "scent" which can deceive the oldest and cleverest hound, seem to promise the sporting people of England amusement free from the sufferings of hares and foxes. There is no doubt that what are known as blood sports are slowly falling under an increasing amount of criticism.

IN speaking of our relation to the lowly creatures about us, of the strange intimacies that have grown up between men and even such an apparently unresponsive animal as the toad, Dean Inge says, "These stories only teach us how much simple affection from our humble brothers and sisters might be ours if only we were less cruel and stupid."

TO PLEASE HER

TO please the woman who loves her furs, the torturing trap is set. Many a woman knows this—knows that the beautiful skin she gathers about her neck or wraps about her form is dyed with blood. It does not matter. She wants her furs and have them she will. Would she still insist upon them if she had to set the trap, watch the anguish of her victim as it writhed with pain and gnawed at its bleeding leg, and then crimson her hands with its blood? No doubt there are women who would do this. Not every woman has a woman's heart. We asked once at a great Chicago abattoir what percentage of visitors to the shambles were women and to our amazement were told at least 45 per cent.

The day, however, is passing when the chief excuse that nothing can take the place of fur for beauty or adornment can be made. Such attractive imitations of even costly furs are now being manufactured that, if a woman will, she can keep her desire to be "clothed like one of these" and yet not sin against her own soul. Recently in London an exhibition by Hervey and Nichols was made of these fabrics made into dresses, coats, hats, etc., which attracted great attention. "I am bound to note," said Lady Clare Annesley, who spoke upon the occasion, "that these imitations look terribly real." The consolation will always be with the innocent, however, that it isn't real.

IT would be interesting to know how many Sunday schools in this land of ours ever devote any time to teaching the relation we sustain to the animal world. Of course kindness and justice are part of the Christian faith, but cruelty is quite as much a sin to be guarded against as lying, stealing, backbiting, and other hateful things we warn the young to shun.

FROM January 1, 1922, to December 1, 1926, the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. has paid out for the purchase of old and practically worn-out horses, whose owners might have continued for a while to work them legally, \$11,460. These faithful servants have been mercifully put to sleep. Sometimes they have been given a few weeks of peace and comfort before the end came. Contributions for this work are greatly needed.

STAND BY THE CROW

NOW it's the so-called sportsmen who would wipe out the crow. A little while ago it was the powder companies who, wanting to increase the sale of their powder, offered prizes to those who could bring in the largest number of dead victims. How many unfortunates were wounded no one knows. A bill has been introduced into the Massachusetts Legislature by a group of men who say they are sportsmen who would put a bounty upon the crow because he interferes with their sport by robbing nests of game birds. Of course they want to do the killing of the game birds themselves, and we all know they destroy with their powder and shot a hundred to one compared with the crow. Little by little the gunner is exterminating the wild life of the land. Shall there be no limit to his destructive power?

Bulletin No. 621 of the United States Department of Agriculture states, after a careful study of the crow in every State of the Union and after the examination of the stomachs of 1,340 adult crows and 770 nestlings, that the attitude of the farmer to this bird should be against any unwarranted destruction of it, since at times it is a most valuable aid to man. Of course he may dig up a little grain, he may rob a nest occasionally, but if we are going to measure every creature's worth to the world by the harm rather than by the good it does, what of the human race?

We hope every Massachusetts reader of this magazine will write to his or her representative a vigorous word of protest against the bill.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

IN 1826 the Rev. Arthur Broome, founder of the Royal S. P. C. A., unable to pay the debts of the Society, was thrown into prison. Richard Martin and Lewis Gompertz settled the bills and he was released. It was the day of small beginnings. This reminds us of a story of Galsworthy's when congratulating the Royal S. P. C. A. upon its hundredth anniversary. He said he had heard of an old lady whose rector came to cheer her up on her one hundredth birthday and who said to him, "I have no need of your sympathy, sur, I'm much stronger on me legs beginning me second hundred years than I was beginning me first."

BEWARE OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS!

INFLUENCE OF JACK LONDON CLUB HAS WORKED MARKED CHANGES IN TRAINED ANIMAL ACTS

BEWARE of Cruelty to Animals!" has been suggested as the best motto for the Jack London Club. Please pass it on!

THE "barbarous art" of the trapper, as well as the "murder-aiming eye" of the hunter, is still the pursuit of inhuman man.

ONE after another entire animal species are swept to the verge of total extinction. Neither arctic wild nor tropic jungle is longer safe for wild life against the murderous incursions of civilized (?) man.

THIRTY-FIVE million dollars' worth of furs from Siberia and fifteen millions worth from Canada, in 1926, is a huge item of American prodigality. Americans are buying more Siberian furs than all the rest of the world combined, and Wall Street is financing the cruelty to animals.

*WHEN I see beautiful furs
They make me think of the terror and thirst
and fever and pain
Of a small wild creature crushed in the steel
teeth of a trap.
Self within myself, then inquire of me,
What sort of foundation for my pleasure is their
pain?*

MAN THE ONLY TRAPPER

MAN alone, among all the hunters, has ever stooped to unfair hunting. Man alone has ever set a trap. The trap is unfair. It is a deadly enemy, lying in wait at a place where no enemy is to be expected. It is merciless. If it does not kill at once, it still holds on. The hunters in fur and feathers kill at once. The steel trap seldom kills. So it is that all the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadow, all the little people who travel up and down the Laughing Brook, around the Smiling Pool, and along the Great River, look on the trapper as one without honor and without justice or fairness.

THORNTON W. BURGESS

PRESTO CHANGE!

AN expression of opinion upon the subject of performing animals has been obtained from many theater managers and booking agents. Such testimony ranges from the absolute refusal to book any animal acts whatsoever to an occasional performance to which no exception can be taken upon the score of cruelty, either apparent or involved. A majority of these managing directors now consider this class of show an unprofitable attraction. They have remarked the drift of public opinion and are aware that most audiences know that animals cannot be trained to accomplish difficult, dangerous and disagreeable tricks with perfection and at certain scheduled moments, unless unnatural means are employed by their trainers. How is the act received? That is the chief concern of the management. By withholding their applause or by withdrawing their presence, audiences register their opinion. It is a most effective gesture; the management draws an unmistakable conclusion.



THE LIFE OF A PERFORMING DOG—FROM CRAMPED CAGE TO DAZZLING STAGE

THE OBVIOUS ARGUMENT

I CAN make an animal perform; most people can. You can teach your favorite dog one trick, or your beloved kitten, perhaps, two. You merely discover something which an animal is in the habit of doing, and then you encourage it to do it whenever you want to see it done. But that is something entirely different from compelling animals to go through the same trick two or three times a day, whether they want to do it or not. If your dog won't beg when you say "Beg"—well, that is the end of it. But supposing you earn your living by making it beg every time the curtain goes up—no animal wants to go through the same performance every time it is asked—nobody is sufficiently an idiot to believe that, if a person is dependent on an animal to keep him, he has no method of compulsion ready, in case the trick is not done.

—London Graphic

Wearers of furs make excuses. They say they are not to blame because they did not kill the animals. They refuse to know, will not consider, that the buyer, however remote from the trap in the snow, is the real cause of the killing. They say the animal is already dead, so they might as well wear it because it cannot be brought back to life. It means nothing to them that the one fur sold must be replaced by another. Buying a fur sentences another animal to die in a trap. They say "I did not buy this—it was given to me." But wearing a gift fur helps keep the fashion going, and encourages other people to buy and wear other furs.

The final buyer and the wearer are responsible for all the traps and trappers, and all the long agonies of the myriads of animal victims.

CHAINED TO TIME

J. S. RAY

SOME weeks before this writing I satisfied a life-long desire to visit one of the really great zoos of the world by covering thoroughly the Zoological Gardens of The Bronx, New York. The most of my life theretofore had been spent in the open, among the forests and streams, often in hunting small game; at other times in watching the native animals in their wild state, studying their habits. For that reason it was especially interesting to contrast animal life as I knew it with the reactions of those wild creatures, gathered from all quarters of the globe, to being hemmed in by steel wires, encaged without cause or consent.

After spending several days among these innumerable varieties of life, jungle dwellers, winged creatures, crawling things, animals of all forms, shades and sizes, some of which I had never even heard of before, it may sound strange when I say that of all those creatures, the one to leave the deepest impression, some ineradicable something, upon my brain, was a common timber wolf, of the genus *canis*, which still roams in abundance in most thinly populated sections of our own continent.

Although the wolf in question was of unusually large build, strongly muscled, thickly, heavily coated, it was not any oddness of appearance, enormity of size, or ferociousness of mien, characteristics by which wild animals usually impress, that affected me so vividly. Instead, I was moved by some strange, indescribable restlessness, an untamableness that enshrouded it. There, for one capable, was an appreciation of that spirit of the wild that never bows or yields to harness.

From the moment I first came into view until I left, and during the several other trips I made to the animal's cage, it was in a tireless, endless state of pacing, moving with swift, silent steps back and forth, back and forth, along the front of its cage, turning at each end without a pause or break of posture, its head held stiff, pointed, its nose skimming the wires of its prison.

The hair had been worn from the sides of its face and from its flanks by constant brushing against the steel cage. In its face was a gaunt, haunting look, concealing underneath a cold, heartless something. I was informed by the keeper that its mate had died a few weeks before, hence its restlessness. But, watching that endless tramping back and forth, I sensed something deeper and beyond the mere yearning for a mate.

It was not exactly pity I felt for the beast; rather, it was a kind of sympathy tinged with respect, admiration, almost awe. While it showed no animosity toward the people about it; on the other hand, it gave no indication of comradeship or recognition. Totally indifferent, its glassy eyes far away from its surroundings, it seemed possessed with a kind of wild madness, as of a rabid dog, ceaselessly moving onward, heartless, soulless, senseless, ready to snap with disrespect at anything that might happen in its path.

Other animals I had watched: The lion, the tiger would stare at one sometimes with terrible ferocity, sometimes with playfulness, equally disposed, when properly mooded, either to devour or to lick the hand that would

feed them; others, the monkey, the elephant, the hooved animals, had ways of looking at one, in their eyes blends of tenderness, melting sympathy, intelligence, touches of humanness, as if they could be reasoned with, controlled.

But in the eyes of the wolf was nothing of any of these. Crowds of people passed before it, but it did not see them. Boys called to it, whistled at it, threw scraps into its cage, but it ignored everything, never ceasing its eternal pacing back and forth, back and forth, as alone as if it were in a vast wilderness, hemmed about with age-old ice and snows, but no life. In its moving about, its eyes stared about you, past you, on all sides of you, through you and beyond, but never at you.

As I watched fascinated, some stray dog at my back suddenly set up a fierce barking. With unbelievable quickness, the wolf, pricking up its ears, stopped short, directly facing me. For an instant I thought I had at last caught its eye, but I soon discovered my mistake. It was staring not at me but through me and beyond, onward into space. Watching that far-off gaze, those steely, unseeing eyes, I seemed to see reflected in them distant lands, tall forests in the wilds, I could almost hear a far-away, blood-curdling cry of the pack-leader in the night, then the quick, hot panting of wolves on the chase. Away in some trackless, snow-bound timbers a string of black dots was moving, growing swiftly nearer, larger; gaunt, ghostly figures stalking their prey, then baying far beneath the pale glow of a sullen moon.

Some spirit stirred deep in my breast. For a moment I became insensible to the milling crowds, the hum of voices. My mind travelled far back to some dim, remote age, prehistoric time, before humanity, before customs and laws, before companionship of man—back to the wild. I, too, became heartless, soulless, untamable, unpolluted. Alone on the wide, wind-swept plains, bounded by vastness and quiet, I roved at large, possessed of nostrils keen to pick the wind scents, muscles quick to respond, strong to carry and slow to tire. There returned to me a vague inner feeling of a life long ago gone, an age of brutes.

Then suddenly the spell was broken. The wolf turned from its motionless posture and took up again that eternal pacing of the cage—walking, walking; feet swift, padded; eyes cold, heartless, heedless—a crimeless victim pulling at invisible chains, endlessly pacing, pacing. I dismissed the thought that it was searching for a hole in its prison—long ago it must have abandoned all hope of escape. It was slowly walking away time, slow, dragging moments, leaden hours, endless days, weeks, months, years, until the weary body would drop from a spirit never to be tamed, forever wild, roving, uncontrollable.

CONSERVATION

LET us enact conservation legislation at Washington. Meanwhile, in every school-room up and down the land, and across from shore to shore, let talk about birds and beasts and flowers and trees be started, let tramps afield be taken, and so, in every school-child's heart let love be planted, till knowledge of conservation be next to reading, writing and arithmetic, and love of nature next to love of God and neighbor. That for the future.

DALLAS LORE SHARP in "Sanctuary! Sanctuary!"

Plan now for Be Kind to Animals Week, April 4-9, and Humane Sunday, April 3, 1927.

Crusaders for Mercy

How Three Quarters of a Million Boy Scouts Protect Their Dumb Animals

JAMES E. WEST, Chief Scout Executive

from one end to the other, and greeted as a friend.

A Crusade of Mercy

Some people think of the Boy Scout movement as a thing for recreation merely, an excellent scheme for giving boys good times in the open. They often do not realize the many activities in which our Scouts are engaged, nor do they realize the tremendous influence that this great organization of boys can exert. Think of it, 800,000 of the finest boys in America, subscribing to the same Promise and Law, dedicated to the same ideals, working shoulder to shoulder to make America a better place to live in! These scouts, every boy of them, are pledged to friendliness to dumb animals, and are helping to secure humane treatment for them. This means that in ten years we shall have a veritable crusade of mercy conducted by men who as Boy Scouts learned the principles of kindness and humanity.

It is not my purpose in this article to discuss what scouts are doing for domestic animals, nor how they are co-operating with the different branches of the Humane Society, although 9,000 scouts won a merit badge for first aid to animals in the year 1925.

Friends to Birds

Here is an example of the kind of service scouts are giving. Kansas City Scouts throughout the cold snap, when snow and ice covered the ground, placed food at their weekend camp ground at convenient places for birds and animals. Corn placed under a bank and suet tacked to trees lured hundreds of birds to the feeding grounds. For the squirrels they put grain and nuts on a big stationary bench; for the rabbits, apples near the shack.

By tracks in the snow the boys identified a visiting coyote which appeared to hope he, too, had been remembered. Therefore regularly they left meat for this new friend, and nightly he came to claim it. The scouts reported seven kinds of birds at one feeding.

Endorsed by Warden

An interesting form of service was developed in the Sunny Land Council of Manatee, Fla. First-class scouts are regularly sworn in as junior honorary deputy game commissioners and receive certificates from the State commissioner. All scoutmasters and officers in the council are receiving full commission. At the ceremony of inauguration, the game commissioner said:

"It is a source of great gratification that so many scouts have qualified for this work. It is a splendid demonstration of the fine work that is being done through this organization in the counties to which these scouts belong, and of the high type of citizenship here."

The Duty of the Boy Scout

In the Boy Scout Handbook Dr. William T. Hornaday, known to every animal lover in America as one of the warmest defenders of our country's wild life, has written a chapter on Wild Life and Conservation. This is his message to our scouts:



SYRACUSE, N. Y., BOY SCOUTS

With one of the bird-houses which they built, and which they keep supplied with grain throughout the winter

The sanctuary consists of some thousand acres of land and two hundred acres of water surface. The state encouraged the boys by planting two hundred and fifty ring-necked pheasants. The boys erected shelters and feeding huts, and agreed to take care of them. There are also six convoys of quail that look expectantly to the scouts for the replenishment of their feeding stations.

The lads themselves, by what miracle of thirst and effort only one who has himself been a boy can understand, got together the money for three pairs of mallard ducks. They raised thirty fat ducklings from their investment. Then some kind-hearted state official made the troop a present of six more drakes. The boys still continue to hoard their earnings and hope to increase their stock to over a thousand before long.

The birds, as shy as they are, have learned to know their friends. Any stranger who ventures into the solitude of their sanctuary is the object of scrutiny and caution. But the Scout uniform, so the boys declare, is known

"The Boy Scouts of Today have a solemn duty in the protection of the remaining beasts and birds for the Boy Scouts of Tomorrow!"

"Merely to study the birds, and delightfully study their habits, is not enough. The demand of the situation is for hard labor and the sweat of toil in stopping slaughter. Far too long have the people of all North America enjoyed recklessly liberal killing privileges which they never should have had! All over the United States our birds and mammals are being exterminated according to law. All our birds, quadrupeds, and game fishes must have better protection; and it is time for the Boy Scouts of America to take up this cause as one demanding constant effort and constant sacrifice."

Every one of the three quarters of a million Boy Scouts has subscribed to the Sixth Scout Law, which reads:

A Scout is Kind

"He is a friend to animals. He will not kill or hurt any living creature needlessly, but will strive to save and protect all harmless life."

FLIGHT OF THE SWANS

PICTURE them far above the shore of the Polar Ocean, an army of a thousand or two thousand swans, just launching forth upon their stupendous journey, challenging with loud, exultant trumpeting the leagues that lie before them. There is none to hear those wild voices, for their strong wings have lifted them to an altitude unattainable by the lesser tribes of the air. They look down, perhaps, upon hundreds of snow geese, upon regiments of brown cranes and shore birds of many kinds, but above them they see only the untraveled void and the pale Northern sky. They fly in a long wedge-shaped phalanx like the armies of the geese; but they fly faster by far than any goose or duck, and yet the beat of their wide white pinions is deliberate and unhurried, as though they held half their power in reserve. Seen from the earth, they are an inspiring spectacle. But they are far above the watchers on the earth—they are higher than the clouds—they are higher than the tops of the tallest mountains; and viewing from so vast a distance their passage across the sky, we know that, majestic as that spectacle is, we cannot realize its full majesty and stateliness.

—HERBERT RAVANEL SASS in *Good Housekeeping*

GOD'S GARDEN

EDITH BARD MCCOY

FROM the Great White Light
Where the Great Ones dwell
God thought, and planned
His garden well.
Then this Wonderful Garden we call our earth,
In aeons past came into birth,
Brought forth its myriad of life and form
That the Spirit of God had breathed upon.
And God said, "Let them evolve and grow
Into my image. I will it so.
The greater shall have dominion for good
Over the lesser, as well they should.
Of their free will let them mercy show,
As I above, so they below.
Then shall be answered their prayers to me
As they do to these LEAST, THEIR REWARD SHALL
BE."

Remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.
when making your will.

The Social Sparrow

ALVIN M. PETERSON

Photographs by the Author

THE chipping sparrow may best be recognized by its song, which is quite unlike that of any of our other sparrows. In appearance it resembles the tree and field sparrows. But it is more likely to be confused with the field than the tree sparrow, since the field and chipping sparrows are about the same size and are with us the same time of the year. The tree sparrow nests north of the United States, so is with us during the colder months of the year. But the field and chipping sparrows nest in the United States, thus being with us during the warmer months.

The chipping sparrow is also known as the social sparrow, chippy or chippie, and hair-bird. "It is the bird," writes Mr. T. Gilbert Pearson, "that more than any other, perhaps, shows its absolute trust in mankind. . . . You will find it in the apple-orchard, by the roadside, and on the lawn. It will fly up in front of you as you pass along the gravel walk, and will alight on the veranda-railing and look inquiringly at you as you emerge from the door. . . . It is no wonder it has been called the 'social sparrow.'" The name hair-bird refers to the fact that hair is used freely by this sparrow in the construction of its nest.

The chipping sparrow has a plain light breast, a brown crown, and a black forehead. It has a light line over and a dark line running through each eye. It may be rather easily distinguished from the field sparrow since the latter has a pink or flesh-colored bill. Its nest is a jewel-case, a tiny cup-shaped affair of grass. But though the nest is neat and attractive, the eggs are even more so. In fact, the eggs of this bird are among the prettiest of all birds' eggs. They are light greenish-blue in color, daintily marked and spotted, chiefly about the larger end, with dark brown. The appearance of the nest, its shape, the

materials used in its construction, and its location all make it more or less like the nest of the field sparrow. But the jewel-like eggs should at once tell you whether a given nest is the nest of a field or a chipping sparrow.

The chipping sparrow is named from its call and song notes. Its call is a distinct chip. But this is far from a safe clue to its identity, since most sparrows have "chip" call notes. To be sure, some sparrows have call notes that sound more like "cheep" than "chip," while



NEST AND EGGS OF THE CHIPPING SPARROW

others have notes that sound more like "chirp." But the song, which Burroughs speaks of as "that fine sliding chant," is one of the things by which the friendly little chipping sparrow may at once be known.

The chipping sparrow migrates late in April or early in May, later than the field and vesper sparrows.

It is a very valuable bird, since it feeds on garden pests of many kinds, such as caterpillars, gipsy moths, cabbage worms, beet and currant worms, and grasshoppers. Late in the season, when the supply of insects is exhausted, it lives largely on weed seeds.

Last spring, a pair of chipping sparrows built their nest in the grapevine off our west porch. But their interest and joy in the nest was of short duration. Early one morning, about five o'clock, I heard the sparrows scolding and fluttering as if trying to drive something from their nest. I hurriedly dressed and ran to the porch. There I found a cowbird sitting on the chipping sparrow's nest. I watched it for a few moments, when it flew off, without laying an egg, but the sparrows had had enough. They promptly deserted their nest and a few days later began building another in a near-by raspberry bush. A cowbird actually laid an egg in this nest, but I promptly removed it. The owners did not desert this nest, perhaps because they never learned they had been imposed upon. In due time it held four pretty eggs. I visited the nest quite often and found the owners about as tame as any birds with which I have had experience. I took several pictures of the female with the lens of the camera but a foot from her. In time, she became so tame I could touch her, something quite unusual, and which I have succeeded in doing with but two or three other birds.



CHIPPING SPARROW ON NEST

"She became so tame I could touch her"

FROG FALLACIES

CHARLES H. LEA

AN old natural history problem has once more cropped up, and unless a word or two of advice are given the same old, queer beliefs will persist, and frogs and toads will still be looked upon with suspicion as uncanny creatures.

The problem is: can a frog or a toad live embedded in a rock? Two men working on the rocks near Barmouth have found a live frog inside the solid rock, and it is believed that it must have been there for years.

Toads and frogs are often found imprisoned inside lumps of coal and rock, so it is not surprising that people marvel at the apparent endurance possessed by these reptiles. Yet the phenomenon has a prosaic explanation. When the creatures were little they must have crept through some crevice into a hole, and there existing on insects, they have grown larger. So long as they can get a little air and a few insects, they can live as long as ordinary frogs, so that there is nothing marvelous.

Dean Buckland is authority for the statement that frogs die in less than a year if they are deprived of air and food, and that they cannot live more than two years without food, even if given plenty of air, so that the old belief that they can live for centuries entombed in a solid rock is a fallacy. There must always be an airhole and a means for insects to crawl in, for the frog or toad to live many months.

Another common error is that a frog has no ears and so is deaf. This belief is due to the absence of external ears, but it must be remembered that what we call ears are only flaps of skin arranged to catch sounds. The real hearing is done inside the head, and although frogs have no outside ear-holes, they have inside their heads not only ordinary ears, but also a middle ear, and so their power of hearing is very acute.

Occasionally there appears a report of a mysterious rain of frogs, and superstitious people attribute the epidemic to an act of Providence. But there has never been a well-authenticated frog-storm. What has happened has been that after a shower, or early in the morning, the ground has seemed to be alive with frogs, and so it is assumed that they have dropped from the clouds.

The truth is that the dampness of the air has brought the creatures from their hiding-places in and on the earth, and while a sudden whirlwind might possibly lift little frogs high in the air and drop them a long way off, usually the frog-storm has a prosaic explanation.

What of "the toad, ugly and venomous," that "wears yet a precious jewel in his head"? There is no such thing, but our forefathers firmly believed that the toadstone was an antidote to poison. An old medical book says: "You shall know whether the Tode-stone be the ryght and perfect stone or not for poison. Hold the stone before a Tode so that he may see it; and if it be a ryght and true stone, the Tode will leap towards it, and make as though he would snatch it." The belief in this magical gem arose from the peculiar brightness of the toad's eye, and is no truer than the ridiculous idea that when annoyed the toad can spit fire.

What will you do to make Be Kind to Animals Week (April 4-9) and Humane Sunday (April 3) a success in your community?



THE BIG NEWFOUNDLAND HAS A NEW LEASE OF LIFE

BLACKIE, fine specimen of Newfoundland, 150 pounds in weight, was brought to the Angell Animal Hospital for surgical treatment. A sub-lingual cyst had been troubling him for some time and previous treatments had only given him temporary relief. And so Dr. William M. Evans, veterinarian of the Hospital staff, decided that Blackie must undergo a

major operation if a permanent cure was to be effected. The big fellow had to be kept under ether for nearly an hour while the expert surgery was done upon his throat. He made a good and rapid recovery and in about three weeks was ready to return to his home and owner, Mr. Walter M. Parker of Manchester, New Hampshire.

DOGS HAVE OWN LANGUAGE

IN "The Reasoning Faculty in Dogs," an article published in the *Scribner's Magazine*, J. Ranken Towse, from many years of observation, asserts that dogs not only can tell their master when they're hungry, but have a canine language by which they communicate with each other.

"In my English home, many years ago, there were two dogs who were almost inseparable companions. One, a fine bull-terrier, a veritable Hotspur, feared nothing; the other, a thoroughbred Skye, was a bit of a phenomenon in his way, for, though alert and inquisitive, as most of his tribe, he was an arrant and shameless coward. He would hunt rats enthusiastically, but could not be induced to tackle them. He insulted every dog he met, and then fled ignominiously, trusting to his fleetness of foot. With the bull in attendance, he was, of course, assured of efficient protection. But occasionally he made excursions on his own account. And sometimes he fell into peril. On one occasion he was chased home by a big yellow dog who could have made short work of him. Soon afterward I saw him and the bull-terrier apparently in close colloquy. Presently they started off together and I, out of curiosity, followed them. By their actions they were evidently tracking the yellow dog, whom they found sunning himself in front of the village public house. Instantly the bull had him by the throat and would unquestionably soon have killed him had I not interfered. No case could easily be clearer. The Skye had sought out his champion, had somehow informed him of what had happened, and invoked his assistance. How he could possibly have done so, except by some sort of intelligent speech, I leave for others to determine. I can only set down the unvarnished facts."

WITH malice toward none, with charity for all.

LINCOLN

PREACHING to a crowded congregation at St. Giles, Oxford, one Sunday, Dean Inge said:—"In the sphere of conduct I would point to the greater attention to strict truthfulness, to the growing thoughtfulness for the welfare of posterity, and, above all, perhaps, to the increasing recognition of our duties to the non-human creatures, which were not, as we used to be taught, created for our benefit."

Tommy—A little bird told me what kind of a lawyer your father is.

Freddy—What did the bird say?

Cheep, cheep."

Well, a duck told me what kind of a doctor your father is."

—*Epsworth Herald*

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

An Annuity Plan

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, Charles G. Bancroft, director of the First National Bank of Boston, and Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject, and will be glad to furnish all further details. Write for "Life Annuities," a pamphlet which will be sent free.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

FEBRUARY, 1927

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Addressed envelope with full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

THE ENDURANCE RACE

OUR readers are familiar with the annual endurance race which takes place avowedly for the purpose of determining the best way to breed the best horses for the Government Remount Service. That the tests are too severe seems evident from the results of the last race. "Miss Brandon," the grade thoroughbred mare, who was the winner in October, is now a broken-down horse. Major Scott's report of her condition is that not only her heart, but all the rest of her was overstrained. Yet she was ridden by a good horseman, and during the week was under the observation of competent judges.

THE CRUELTIIES OF BUSINESS

BREEDING cattle for food purposes is surely a business. The cruelties connected with it are great and in a multitude of cases absolutely unnecessary. Many of these cruelties have no justification except the one that can be expressed in dollars and cents. No matter what the unfortunate animal suffers if its suffering gets the dollar more speedily into the breeder's pocket.

The Government, while telling how the cruel process of dehorning can be avoided by a very little trouble while the calf is from four to ten days old, does not insist upon this as it should, but gives directions for chopping off with heavy clippers or sawing off the horns, and says be sure to chop off or saw off from a quarter to a half inch of the skin and flesh when you do it lest the horn may start to grow again. It's a brutal thing—this dehorning of cattle once the horns have well grown. We have convicted men in this state for doing it, the flow of blood and the suffering being all the evidence the court needed.

The Government's directions for preventing the growth of horns by the use of caustic potash are needlessly detailed. There is no necessity for cutting off the hair from around the little nub where the horn would start and then repeating the operation on successive days. We know because we have done it many times. Moisten the spot with a little clean water, rub the caustic on the spot, not around it, till the skin looks a little red, not broken, and that's all there is to it.

SAVE the birds if you would save the crops." This from the United States Biological Survey in the annual report of the Smithsonian Institute for 1925.

A REAL HORSE LOVER

SERGEANT ELWOOD J. CARROLL, for twenty-two years a member of the Philadelphia police force, has declined promotion to a lieutenancy rather than part with his horse.

"I just couldn't leave Dick," he said, "so I asked to be demoted. I'd rather be a sergeant and keep Dick than have all the honors in the force."

"I broke him and trained him myself," said Sergeant Carroll. "He follows me everywhere. Tries to get into the office when he knows I'm here and would follow me upstairs if I'd let him."

GOOD FOR THE LITTLE "GRAY KNIGHT"

WE are glad to reproduce the following from the *Flower Grower*, by W. A. Bridwell:

Trapping for wolves is about as exact a science as shooting grizzlies with a .22. Sometimes they are deceived, and sometimes so are we, but for every wolf that is caught there are a hundred that can lick the tallow off the hunter's cartridges and get away with a whole skin.

With all our inventions and machinery and drugs and slave dogs, we are barely holding our own against this little gray knight who meets us with no weapons other than his legs, his lungs, his teeth and his matchless brain.

A CLEVER DOG

MR. HERBERT H. ROBINSON, a lawyer of Attleboro, Mass., sends us the following:

My son Clarence owns a mastiff dog, "Rex," about a year old, and yesterday he displayed such evidence of intelligence as to make him a master mind among dogs.

Our cat was chased up a tree by two strange dogs; Rex, lying on the piazza, took in the whole situation, and, like a policeman, drove the two dogs away several times, each time coming back to the tree. In about twenty minutes he made a very sympathetic sound, and the cat came down. They rubbed noses a bit, and then Rex took the cat by the nape of the neck, in a very gentle way, and escorting it home, barked at the front door, where it was let in. Then Rex, like a real hero, began to play tag with the two other dogs. The whole situation was seen by Mrs. Robinson.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or, The American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

A DOG HERO

WE would like to fasten a medal of solid gold about the neck of that heroic dog who went over the Alaska mountain peak alone with the mercury at 40 degrees below zero and carried back the news that the two men with whom he had ventured on the trip were both seriously injured and would perish if help did not come speedily. He had been lent them by his master and when the message had been fastened on his collar and the door of the hut opened and the way home pointed out to him, he started at once on his perilous and lonely journey. Both men were rescued. The dog is what is known as a husky. All honor to you, brave, faithful friend!

THE CHURCH AND ANIMALS

A DISTINGUISHED Englishman, in appealing recently to the Church Congress, in the name of the ten most influential animal protection societies of England, for a place on the program of the Congress—a plea which was denied—said in part:

"There are many awful cruelties on all sides of us against which the Church of Christ should vehemently revolt. I need not specify them. They haunt some of us night and day and deprive us of peace of mind that otherwise might be ours."

"Fighting against cruelty to animals often needs a disregard of fashion, an opposition to large vested interests, and perhaps occasionally a firm front to science. But it is a blessed and sacred work. Oh! let it not be said hereafter that once more, as in the case of the slave trade and of many other now suppressed barbarities, the Church of England left to others the everlasting glory of leading this great Christian movement."

He then quoted from a sermon of Cardinal Newman the following:

"Now what is it moves our very hearts and sickens us so much as cruelty shown to poor brutes. I suppose first that they have done no harm; next that they have no powers of resistance—it is the cowardice and tyranny of which they are the victims which makes their sufferings so especially touching. There is something very dreadful, so satanic in tormenting those who have never harmed us, who cannot defend themselves, who are utterly in our power, who have weapons neither of offence nor defence, that none but very hardened persons can endure the thought of it."

COMMUTING HORSES

ONE of the sights in Portland, Oregon, is to see horses that commute to their daily jobs. Our correspondent writes that she saw three of them riding in a truck. Their owner is a contractor who must use horses every day. But the work is miles out of the city away from the stables. So to save their strength, the horses ride daily to work and ride daily back again to the stable.

A GREAT BIRD LOVER

M. R. G. E. HATFIELD, living at Morden Hall, England, where he owns a large estate which he regards as a bird sanctuary, has often been offered the equivalent of \$2,500,000 for his property to be used for building purposes. He refuses all offers on the ground that the birds have the first claim upon him. What they pay him in their presence and their songs seems to him a larger interest than the price of the land would bring.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor

ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer

GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

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180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

Mrs. EDITH W. CLARKE, President
Mrs. LUCIUS CUMMINGS, Vice-President
Mrs. A. J. FURBUSH, Treasurer
Miss HELEN W. POTTER, Secretary

MONTHLY REPORT

Miles traveled by humane officers..	8,818
Cases investigated	701
Animals examined	4,275
Number of prosecutions.....	24
Number of convictions	22
Horses taken from work	83
Horses humanely put to sleep	142
Small animals humanely put to sleep	975
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	48,541
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	121

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the will of Harriet O. Slocum of Pittsfield.

January 11, 1927.

MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS

Convictions in December

Driving unfit horse, two counts, \$25 fine on each.
Non-sheltering horse; \$25 fine.
Driving galled horse; \$20 fine.
Beating dog; case filed.
Starving horse; \$25 fine; killing order issued.
Catching dog in steel-toothed trap; \$15 fine.
Non-sheltering horses; \$15 fine.
Starving horse; sentenced to jail for thirty days.
Overdriving horse; \$200 fine.
Non-sheltering horse; case filed.
Non-feeding horses; \$25 fine.
Beating horse; \$10 fine.
Non-sheltering horse; case filed.
Non-sheltering cows; \$25 fine.
Starving four horses; \$25 fine, suspended.
Starving cows; \$25 fine, suspended for one year.
Non-sheltering horse; \$25 fine.
Starving horse; \$30 fine.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100

Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, v.m.d., Chief
R. H. SCHNEIDER, v.m.d.
E. F. SCHROEDER, d.v.m.
W. M. EVANS, d.v.s.
G. B. SCHNELLE, v.m.d.
HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

FREE Dispensary for Animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday, from 11 to 1.

Advice for sick and injured animals.

CHRISTMAS AND THE HORSES

THROUGH the hospitality of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the ever loyal host of friends of the work-horse, the Christmas Tree and dinner has become a regular feature in Boston at the Yuletide season. It is an occasion or event in which so many are interested, so many even delighted to participate, that the number is beyond estimate. The spacious area of Post Office Square is the scene of this happy holiday festival. It is but for a day, usually one of the busiest in all the year for humans as well as horses, but the time is none the less opportune in signifying a public recognition of the patient and faithful but ill-requited service of man's hardest working dumb servants.

In the midst of their daily grind the horses are given their noonday ration. Oats, apples, corn, carrots and bran are measured out according to the individual likes and capacity, and there is no lack of assistance from horse-loving friends in waiting upon the hundreds of animals for whom the feast is provided. Hot coffee and doughnuts are unstintedly supplied for the drivers and their helpers.

In the steady, work-a-day life of the horse such a Christmas gathering may mean but little. It has, however, a very great significance. It is obviously a demonstration of humanity to dumb animals, an exhortation to greater kindness and consideration toward creatures of flesh and blood whose strength is given and whose lives are worn out in the service of mankind. Well do they earn their humble share in the benefactions that overflow at Christmas time.

What, then, is the impression that is conveyed widely by the "Horses' Christmas?" It is, first of all, its humane educational effect upon the thousands of eye-witnesses whose attention is drawn, perhaps only for a few moments, to this open-air, public spectacle in keeping with the spirit of Christmas. Once a year it is a witness to the claims upon us of all forms of animal life for just and kindly treatment, and an expression of our gratitude and obligation to them.

THE Lucy Mackenzie Humane Society of Woodstock, Vt., gave the horses of that town a Christmas dinner—a holiday innovation in Vermont. This society is one of the most progressive in the state, being especially active in humane educational work.

Similar Christmas observances, we note, were held in Rochester, N. Y., and Baltimore, Md.

LOVE FOR A DOG

ONE of the most extraordinary cases of faithful love for a dog is that of Dr. J. M. Neale, the translator of the hymn, "Jerusalem the Golden." So great was his love for his dog "Pomual," his constant companion, that after its death he never kept another, and for upwards of eight years, in his journal, he never failed to mark the number of days after Pomual's death. The last number he set down was 2,956.

—Boys' Weekly

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel. Stalls and kennels are marked with the names of the donors.

NOTICE. Position wanted by a young woman, trained in humane work. Write to this office.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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Luther Parker	Philippine Islands
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Rida Himadi	Syria
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Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
Miss Blanche Finley, Richmond, Virginia
Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark, Virginia
Seymour Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina

Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

AMERICAN HUMANE ASSOCIATION

INDIANAPOLIS, Indiana, will be the place of the 1927 meeting of the American Humane Association, according to a recent vote of the directors of that organization. The dates are October 3 to 6. The Association met in Indianapolis in 1912.

A GOOD EXAMPLE

WE have received from Miss Virginia W. Sargent of Washington, D. C., payment for seventeen annual subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals*, "in memory of 'Imp,'" for nine and a half years the loving, trusting feline pet and companion of her devoted mistress." Are there not other readers who would like to give subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals* in memory of some beloved pet that has passed away, or in the name of one still living?

Humane Standard-Bearers

I. JAMES D. BURTON

FOR a number of years the Tennessee representative of the American Humane Education Society has traveled many thousands of miles annually throughout the South in the interest of a program which "glorifies God, promotes peace on earth, kindness, justice, and mercy to every living creature." In this migratory position many difficult situations are faced and dealt with.

Mr. Burton is of Scotch-Irish descent, and gives to the humane movement the benefit of

not speak for themselves." His voice has been heard in the large centers and in the remote mountain communities of the Southland, and many have been inspired to worthy undertakings in humane work through his direction. Children in hundreds of homes know him personally, and have been helped and encouraged through his leadership. Thousands of pages of humane leaflets have been placed in their hands. In the summer vacation schools of religious education, Sunday-schools, and public schools, much humane education work has been carried on. Where this work has been emphasized for some time, there is a lessening of violence, and more kindness and consideration shown to both man and beast.

Close contact is maintained with the State Department of Public Instruction and local educational authorities, conferences are held from time to time, and the influence of the movement extended in this direction.

He is in close touch with church enterprises of all kinds, scores of Sunday-schools and kindred organizations owing their existence to his organizing ability, and here he loses no opportunity of bringing to the notice of religious leaders the value of humane education.

The work of maintaining community interest in the locality where Mr. Burton is located has been furthered through his efforts in providing recreation grounds for summer outdoor gatherings of churches, Sunday-schools, and other organizations in an especially shady, cool, and beautiful retreat. Bird life on the premises is protected, and the surroundings offer contentment, and a pleasant place to stop and rest and meditate for the passersby.

Mr. Burton says of his work:

"The humane idea in race relations plays an important part, emphasizing good will in every creature. The tendency of the time is to give equal opportunity to each man and to all men. One has said, 'Reason, pure brain action, has taken the lives of very few men or animals. It is the heat of passion, unguided emotions, which kill,—the cause of quarrels, of wars, of the bloodshed of the world.'

"The most important achievement is intangible and cannot be tabulated, and it is the improvement of attitudes touching humane work in community life, so important in the development and growth of the young. The improvement is noticeable in different groups, and is expressing itself in and through different organizations. There is a growing sentiment of horror for cruelty in all of its forms.

"The press generally is giving co-operation, and the editors are giving their support to all worthy effort in behalf of humane education. Many editors have displayed courage in their editorials in championing this effort, and in their condemnation of causes that lead to crime and violence.

"The methods pursued in obtaining the objectives are pitched on a high plane, and command the respect and confidence of the thinking element.

"It shall be the policy in this territory to continue to relate humane education to organized educational and religious work, especially among the young. The prospects are encouraging, and the need is for adequate financial support with which to meet the new day in humane education."



JAMES D. BURTON, TENNESSEE

**DECEASED FRIENDS WHO MADE BEQUESTS TO THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS AND TO THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY**

Mrs. Mehitable M. C. Copenhagen, Boston	1871	Mrs. Mary B. Emmons, Boston	1893	Arioch Wentworth, Boston	1903
Seth Adams, Boston	1875	Mrs. Clarissa A. Freeman, Stoneham	1893	Jerome B. Westgate, Fall River	1903
Amasa Clapp, Dorchester	1875	Mrs. Sarah R. Osgood, New York, N. Y.	1893	Miss Elizabeth A. Whitney, Boston	1903
Hiram Cross, Northfield, N. H.	1875	Miss Elizabeth Blanchard, Lowell	1894	Mrs. Eliza J. Chamberlain, Stafford, Conn.	1904
Frederick May, Medford	1875	Miss Hannah Louisa Brown, Boston	1894	Mrs. Emma L. Conant, Portland, Me.	1904
Mrs. Josiah Vose, Boston	1875	Samuel G. Child, Boston	1894	Mrs. Mary F. S. Gifford, New Bedford	1904
Mrs. Harriet A. Deland, Salem	1876	Caleb C. Gilbert, Bridgewater	1894	Miss Sarah D. White, Middleboro	1904
Dr. William W. Moreland, Boston	1876	Henry C. Hutchins, Boston	1894	Mrs. William Appleton, Boston	1905
Miss Eliza Powers, Roxbury	1876	Mrs. Anne E. Lambert, Boston	1894	Charles Tidd Baker, Boston	1905
Miss Sallie S. Sylvester, Leicester	1876	Stephen G. Nash, Lynnfield	1894	Miss Florence J. Bigelow, Boston	1905
Christopher W. Bellows, Pepperell	1877	Mrs. Frances E. Pomeroy, So. Hadley	1894	Miss Ellen M. Boyden, Boston	1905
Gardner Chilson, Boston	1877	William F. A. Sill, Windsor, Conn.	1894	Mrs. Henrietta L. Cook, Plainfield	1905
C. Haven Dexter, Boston	1877	Maturin M. Ballou, Boston	1895	Mrs. Alice B. Faulkner, Plymouth	1905
Geo. A. Hassam, Manchester, N. H.	1877	Mrs. Edward H. Eldridge, Newton	1895	Mrs. Sarah E. French, Randolph	1905
Miss Eliza Jenkins, Scituate	1877	Albert Glover, Boston	1895	Mrs. Ellen K. Gardner, Worcester	1905
Miss Jane R. Sever, Kingston	1877	Mrs. Lydia A. McIntire, Boston	1895	Mrs. N. H. Hutchinson, Nashua, N. H.	1905
Miss Susan Tufts, Weymouth	1877	Miss Mary D. Moody, Bath, Me.	1895	Mrs. Sarah G. LeMoine, Wareham	1905
Mrs. Mary E. Keith, Boston	1878	Miss Mary I. Parker, Clinton	1895	Miss Elizabeth E. Maxwell, Milton	1905
James P. Thorndike, Boston	1878	Julius Paul, Boston	1895	Mrs. Mary E. Meredith, Boston	1905
Mrs. Ellen H. Flint, Leicester	1879	Aaron W. Spencer, Boston	1895	Mrs. Mary P. O'Connor, Mazomanie, Wis.	1905
Miss Elizabeth Jackson, Roxbury	1879	Mrs. Christians D. Webber, Arlington	1895	Miss Anna R. Palfrey, Cambridge	1905
Mrs. Elizabeth S. Morton, So. Boston	1879	Miss Sarah W. Whitney, Boston	1895	Mrs. Louisa G. Perkins, Newton	1905
James W. Palmer, Concord	1879	Mrs. Eunice R. Dodge, Ausable, N. Y.	1896	Jackson Knivet Seas, Boston	1905
Miss Margaret E. C. White, Boston	1879	Miss Elizabeth Dow, Andover	1896	Mrs. Clara E. Stearns, Somerville	1905
Simon P. Adams, Charlestown	1880	Dr. Eugene F. Dunbar, Boston	1896	Miss Mary E. Stewart, Boston	1905
Mrs. M. K. A. Benchley, Ithaca, N. Y.	1880	Miss Harriet E. Henshall, Leicester	1896	Mrs. Julia B. Thayer, Keene, N. H.	1905
Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, Wayland	1880	Martin Howard, Fitchburg	1896	Elisha W. Willard, Middletown, R. I.	1905
Miss Elizabeth S. Lobdell, Boston	1880	Mrs. Lydia W. Howland, New Bedford	1896	Edward S. Wood, Bourne	1905
Mrs. Mary F. Ripley, South Hingham	1880	Miss Hannah W. Rounds, Newburyport	1896	Mrs. Henrietta D. Woodman, Fairhaven	1905
Rev. C. T. Thayer, Boston	1880	Miss Elizabeth Torrey, Cambridge	1896	Mrs. S. Almira Alden, Boston	1906
Mrs. Amelia F. Wood, Boston	1880	Miss Eliza Wagstaff, Boston	1896	Mrs. Mertie I. Armstrong, Chelsea	1906
William Ashby, Newburyport	1881	Mrs. Anna M. Waters, Dorchester	1896	S. Willard Babcock, Boston	1906
Mrs. Sophia Towne Darrah, Boston	1881	Dr. Edward K. Baxter, Sharon, N. H.	1897	Miss Elizabeth E. Boyd, Freedom, N. H.	1906
Charles Lyman, Boston	1881	Mrs. James Freeman Clarke, Boston	1897	Mrs. Ellen A. Fisher, N. Amherst	1906
Charles Tidd, Lexington	1881	Mrs. Samuel C. Cobb, Boston	1897	Edward Gerrish, Cambridge	1906
Miss Sarah A. Whitney, Boston	1882	Mrs. Jeremiah Colburn, Brookline	1897	Mrs. Rebecca A. Greene, Dartmouth	1906
Mrs. Anne Asbey, Newburyport	1882	Mrs. William S. Eaton, Boston	1897	Mrs. Julie E. Hannis, Leonminster	1906
John W. Estabrooks, Boston	1883	John Foster, Boston	1897	Charles Merriam, Boston	1906
Mrs. Joseph Isagis, Boston	1883	Mrs. Ellen B. French, Beloit, Wis.	1897	Miss Martha Remick, Everett	1906
Augustus Story, Salem	1883	Mrs. John W. James, Boston	1897	Mrs. Abbie H. Ritz, Somerville	1906
Mrs. A. C. Thayer, Boston	1883	Mrs. Frances A. Mosley, Boston	1897	Mrs. Eliza A. Robinson, Boston	1906
Elisha V. Ashton, Boston	1884	Mrs. Susie M. Ransom, Cambridge	1897	Mrs. Lucretia W. Torr, Andover	1906
Miss Anna M. Briggs, New Bedford	1884	Miss Edith Rotch, Lenox	1897	Miss Joanna C. Thompson, Holliston	1906
Mrs. Cynthia E. Gowin, Fitzwilliam, N. H.	1884	Mrs. Cemantha Waters, Webster	1897	David True, Amesbury	1906
Jeanne A. Stanford, Boston	1884	Mrs. Mary Alvord, Chicopee	1898	Mrs. Abbie L. Brown, Malden	1907
Mrs. Augustus B. Thayer, Boston	1884	Mrs. Elizabeth P. Bacon, Boston	1898	Mrs. Mary A. L. Brown, West Brookfield	1907
Mrs. Fenno Tudor, Boston	1884	Mrs. L. H. B. Harding, Barre	1898	Mrs. Josephine A. Eddy, Webster	1907
Seth J. Ventress, Marshfield	1884	W. H. S. Jordan, Boston	1898	Miss Cynthia E. R. Eldredge, Boston	1907
Mrs. Louisa Ann Adams, Boston	1885	Mrs. Caroline W. Oxnard, Boston	1898	Mrs. Emily S. Emerson, Webster	1907
Robert K. Darrah, Boston	1885	Mrs. Lucy A. Woodward, Boston	1898	Mrs. Susan E. Gavett, Boston	1907
Miss Mary Elizabeth Davis, Boston	1885	Mrs. Maria E. Ames, Concord	1899	Miss Martha Harrington, Waltham	1907
Miss Caroline Follettbee, Salem	1885	Mrs. Caroline S. Barnard, Boston	1899	Mrs. Hannah C. Herrick, Chelsea	1907
Edward Lawrence, Charlestown	1885	Ezra Forristall, Jr., Chelsea	1899	Miss Caroline W. Mill Sutton	1907
Nathaniel Meriam, Boston	1885	John Holmes, Cambridge	1899	Miss Florence Lyman, Boston	1907
Mrs. Sarah H. Mills, Boston	1885	Miss Hannah W. Loring, Newton	1899	Miss Catherine N. Scott, Pulaski, Pa.	1907
Thomas E. Upham, Dorchester	1885	Charles F. Smith, Boston	1899	Miss Sarah E. Wall, Worcester	1907
Mrs. James M. Beebe, Boston	1886	Edwin D. Spinner, Spinerton, Pa.	1899	Miss Augusta Wells, Hatfield	1907
Mrs. Margaret A. Brigham, Boston	1886	Zina E. Stone, Lowell	1899	Miss Maria P. Whitney, Saugus	1907
Mrs. Catherine C. Humphreys, Dorchester	1886	Mrs. Almira F. Balch, Boston	1900	Mrs. Caroline E. Whitecomb, Boston	1907
Daniel D. Kelley, East Boston	1886	Mrs. Frances E. Bangs, Boston	1900	Mrs. Mary C. Wilder, Boston	1907
Benjamin Thaxter, Boston	1886	Thompson Baxter, Boston	1900	Mrs. Martha E. Bailey, Newton	1908
Pamelia H. Beal, Kingstown	1887	George H. Carleton, Georgetown	1900	Miss Alice Byington, Stockbridge	1908
Dorothea L. Dix, Boston	1887	Mrs. Catherine F. Daby, Harvard	1900	Miss Elizabeth D. Chapin, Winchester	1908
Charles Gardner Emmens, Boston	1887	Mrs. Anna E. Keyes, Newbury	1900	Caleb Chase, Brookline	1908
Henry Gassett, Dorchester	1887	Mrs. Mary K. Northey, Andover	1900	John J. Hicks, New Bedford	1908
Mrs. Lydia Hooker, West Roxbury	1887	Mrs. Rebecca G. Swift, W. Falmouth	1900	Miss Elizabeth B. Hillies, Wilmington, Del.	1908
Elias A. W. Rogers, Boston	1887	Mrs. Isabella B. Tenney, Winchester	1900	Mrs. Annie L. Lowry, Philadelphia	1908
Ebenezer George Tucker, Canton	1887	Mrs. Susan B. Thompson, Worcester	1900	Mrs. Mary Elliot Maldit, Boston	1908
Moses Wildes, 2d, Cambridge	1887	James Wight, Reading	1900	Mrs. Cornelia P. Matthes, New Bedford	1908
Mrs. Mary Ann Wilson, Boston	1887	Edward J. Browne, Boston	1901	Miss Sarah E. Ward, Boston	1908
Edward A. Brooks, Northampton	1888	Miss Harriet T. Browne, Boston	1901	Miss Carrie F. Abbott, Cambridge	1909
Wm. T. Carlton, Dorchester	1888	Mrs. Hannah M. Castell, Boston	1901	Geo. T. Angell, Boston	1909
James Freeman Clarke, D. D., Boston	1888	Mrs. Amelia M. Forbes, Boston	1901	Mrs. Isabel F. Cobb, New Bedford	1909
Oliver Ditson, Boston	1888	Miss Matilda Goddard, Boston	1901	Charles H. Draper, Brookline	1909
Miss Mary Eyleth, Salem	1888	Charles H. Hayden, Boston	1901	Mrs. Ellen T. Emerson, Concord	1909
Addison Gilbert, Gloucester	1888	Miss Harriet M. Jennings, Springfield	1901	Mrs. Eliza C. Greenville, Newburyport	1909
Miss Lydia B. Harrington, Waltham	1888	Mrs. Elizabeth G. Leonard, New Bedford	1901	Mrs. Mary J. Heywood, Chelsea	1909
David E. Merrimac, Leicester	1888	Mrs. Mary Rothwell, Worcester	1901	Clarence W. Jones, Brookline	1909
Mrs. Levina R. Urbino, Boston	1888	Mrs. Mary Shannon, Newton	1901	Mrs. Elizabeth F. Noble, Mansfield	1909
Ellen Craft, Brookline	1889	Mrs. Ann E. Taggart, Boston	1901	Francis F. Parker, Chicopee	1909
Mrs. James B. Dow, Boston	1889	Mrs. Elizabeth C. Ward, Boston	1901	Albert A. Pope, Cohasset	1909
Mrs. Ellen M. Gifford, New Haven, Conn.	1889	Mrs. Susan J. White, Boston	1892	Mrs. Margaret E. Robinson, Jamaica Plain	1909
Geo. B. Hyde, Boston	1889	Mrs. S. Maria Bailey, Boston	1892	Mrs. Catherine S. Rogers, Milton	1909
Albert Phipps, Newton	1889	Mrs. Jane E. Ball, Keene, N. H.	1892	Mrs. Clara Snow, Brockton	1909
Samuel E. Sawyer, Gloucester	1889	Mrs. Mary Bartol, Boston	1892	Mrs. Miriam S. Shattuck, Boston	1909
David Simonds, Boston	1889	Robert C. Billings, Boston	1892	Miss Caroline Phelps Stokes, N. Y. City	1909
Samuel G. Simpkins, Boston	1889	Mrs. Anna M. Clarke, Boston	1892	Mrs. Ida F. Taft, Milford	1909
John J. Soren, Boston	1889	Mrs. Lydia A. Crocker, Central Falls, R. I.	1892	Rev. J. Nelson Trask, Orange	1909
Mrs. Eliza Sutton, Peabody	1889	Francis B. Dumaresq, Boston	1892	Mrs. Mary H. Witheper, Concord	1909
Mrs. Anna L. Baker, Boston	1890	Mrs. Susan W. Farwell, Boston	1892	Nathaniel G. Bagley, Fitchburg	1910
Mrs. Mary Blaisdell, Stoneham	1890	Mrs. A. Faulkner, Santa Barbara, Cal.	1892	Miss Mary A. Borden, Fall River	1910
Mrs. Mary H. Clapp, Boston	1890	Mrs. Hannah Gamage, Boston	1892	Miss Martha B. Buttrick, Lowell	1910
John S. Farlow, Newton	1890	Joseph B. Glover, Boston	1892	Miss Elizabeth F. Capen, Dedham	1910
Mrs. Anna L. Möring, Cambridge	1890	Edwin A. W. Harlow, M.D., Quincy	1892	Mrs. Julia M. Champlin, Brookline	1910
Mrs. Eliza A. Shillaber, Brighton	1890	Mrs. Kate Hoyle, Malden	1892	Miss Alice M. Daniels, Worcester	1910
David W. Simonds, Boston	1890	Thomas Leverett, Boston	1892	Mrs. Mary E. Eaton, Brookline	1910
Henry Thielburg, Boston	1890	Miss Lucy J. Parker, Boston	1892	Mrs. Susan E. Forbes, Byfield	1910
Mrs. Anna S. Townsend, Boston	1890	Mrs. Ruth B. Snell, New Bedford	1892	Mrs. David W. Foster, Boston	1910
Mrs. Eliza P. Wilson, Cambridge	1890	Alexander Tripp, Fitchburg	1892	Mrs. Margaret W. Frothingham, Cambridge	1910
Hon. Samuel C. Cobb, Boston	1890	Mrs. Harriet Welsh, Boston	1892	Mrs. Emma C. Gallagher, Boston	1910
Mrs. Laura H. Hale, Georgetown	1891	William S. Appleton, Boston	1893	Miss Martha F. Harvey, Lynn	1910
Mrs. Elizabeth Nourse, Worcester	1891	Mrs. Susan A. Blaisdell, Lowell	1893	Mrs. Isabella Harvey, Manchester	1910
John B. Tolman, Lynn	1891	George W. Boyd, Boston	1893	Mrs. Lillie B. Hill, Malden	1910
Mrs. J. A. Wheeler, Boston	1891	Joseph H. Center, Boston	1893	Miss Emma Frances Hovey, Woburn	1910
Edward A. White, Boston	1891	Miss Mary E. Deering, South Paris, Me.	1893	Miss Martha R. Hunt, Somerville	1910
Mrs. Elisha V. Ashton, Boston	1892	Edward De La Grange, Boston	1893	Lorenzo N. Kettle, Boston	1910
Mrs. Sarah J. Brown, Lynn	1892	Mrs. Sophia M. Hale, Walpole	1893	Rev. John C. Kimball, Greenfield	1910
Mrs. Priscilla P. Burridge, Malden	1892	Mrs. Caroline Howard, Fitchburg	1893	Miss Mary D. Leland, Worcester	1910
Mrs. Mary Currier, Brookline	1892	Mrs. Elizabeth Lewis, Boston	1893	Mrs. Rachel Lewis, Boston	1910
Dr. Pliny E. Earle, Northampton	1892	Mrs. Lucy Nutter, Boston	1893	Mrs. Caroline M. Martin, Dover, N. H.	1910
Mrs. Lidian Emerson, Concord	1892	Miss Jeannie Paine, Cambridge	1893	Mrs. W. F. Matchett, Brookline	1910
Mrs. Anna E. Brown, Quincy, Ill.	1893	Charles H. Prescott, Harvard	1893	Mrs. Wm. O. Moseley, Newburyport	1910
Mrs. Margaret A. Capen, Boston	1893	Richard W. Rice, Springfield	1893	Mrs. Clara C. Parker, E. Candia, N. H.	1910
Mrs. Caroline H. Duncan, Haverhill	1893	Mrs. Harriet R. P. Stafford, Wellesley	1893	Andrew C. Slater, Newton	1910

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Mrs. Mary S. Spaulding, Groton.	Miss Sara E. Langill, Mansfield.	Lillian M. Underwood, Newton.	1919
Miss Mary Ella Spaulding, Worcester.	Mrs. Ida M. Mayers, Boston.	Mrs. Sallie S. P. Washburn, Roslindale.	1919
Mrs. Martha L. Barrett, Malden.	Nathaniel Meriam, Boston.	Abigail A. Wolcott, Woburnville, Ind.	1919
John H. Champney, Jamaica Plain.	Mrs. Elizabeth G. Park, Falmouth.	Mrs. Mary F. Withersell, Springfield.	1919
Miss Alice M. Curtis, Wellesley.	Miss C. L. Phinney, Stoughton.	Louisa Kinsell Adams, Boston.	1920
Miss Harriet M. Curtis, Scituate.	Mrs. Lydia A. Putney, Lexington.	Sarah P. Ayer, Gloucester.	1920
Miss Mary L. Day, Boston.	Arthur Reed, Brookline.	Mrs. Betsey S. Beal, Kingston.	1920
Mrs. Mary A. Dorman, Old Orchard, Me.	Mrs. Anna M. Sawyer, Worcester.	Mrs. Belle Boutwell, Lyndeboro, N. H.	1920
Miss Georgiana G. Eaton, Boston.	Mrs. Fannie D. Shoemaker, Topsfield.	Frank B. Brown, Boston.	1920
Miss Lucy M. Ellis, Walpole.	Mrs. Mary Ann Smith, Chelsea.	Miss Emma C. Campbell, Cambridge.	1920
Mrs. Caleb Ellis, Boston.	George E. Stout, Nahant.	Emma C. Chapin, Dorchester.	1920
Mrs. Mary A. Follansbee, Boston.	Elizabeth G. Stuart, Hyde Park.	Daniel F. Chessmann, Sandwich.	1920
Miss Cornelia Frances Forbes, Westwood.	Miss Susan Thatcher, Attleboro.	Fanny C. Coburn, Boston.	1920
Lewis L. Forbes, Philadelphia, Pa.	George H. Torr, Andover.	Mrs. Emily L. Cross, Boston.	1920
Mrs. Anna L. George, Haverhill.	William B. Weston, Milton.	Charles L. Davis, Boston.	1920
Miss Harriet E. Goodnow, Sterling.	Mrs. Charles T. White, Boston.	Asenath F. Eaton, Shrewsbury.	1920
Mrs. Martha A. Hodgkiss, East Brookfield.	Milton B. Whitney, Westfield.	Charles W. Fitch, Aberdeen, S. D.	1920
Mrs. Mary E. Jones, Boston.	Miss Elizabeth J. Yeoman, Binghamton, N. Y.	Washington G. L. George, Amesbury.	1920
Edward W. Koppie, Nunda, N. Y.	Dr. Anna Allen, Boise, Idaho.	Julia Goddard, Brookline.	1920
A. Ward Lamson, Dedham.	Mrs. Mary E. C. Bagley, Fitchburg.	Miss Caroline S. Greene, Cambridge.	1920
Mrs. Catherine M. Lamson, Dedham.	Mrs. Ellen Bailey, Boston.	Miss Lucy Allen Landre, Salem.	1920
Mrs. Martha J. McNamara, Albany, N. Y.	Mrs. Louisa M. Barnes, Cambridge.	Miss Elizabeth J. Lannon, Cambridge.	1920
Caleb H. Newcomb, Winchester.	Miss Sarah M. Barrett, Lynn.	William P. Milner, Concord.	1920
Mrs. Anna P. Peabody, Boston.	Rachel D. Booth, Blackstone.	Charles Brooks Pitman, Boston.	1920
Mrs. Mary Peabody, Milton.	Seth R. Boyden, Foxboro.	Caroline F. Sanborn, Brookline.	1920
Mary Rets, Boston.	Miss Augusta M. Browne, Boston.	Miss H. Martha Sanders, Wadham, N. Y.	1920
Mrs. Louisa A. Rice, Milford.	Phebe S. Burlingame, North Adams.	Mrs. Sarah F. Swarmer, Millis.	1920
Mrs. Eliza Rich, Southbridge.	Mrs. Sarah Nelson Carter, Andover.	Isidor Tippmann, San Diego, Cal.	1920
Henry L. Shaw, M. D., Boston.	Mrs. Sarah E. Conery, Boston.	Sarah Cornelia Townsend, Milton.	1920
Winthrop Smith, Boston.	Miss Caroline M. Cottle, Boston.	Steven G. Train, Brooklyn.	1920
John Souther, Newton.	Abbie E. Day, Uxbridge.	Minerva T. Warren, Groton.	1920
Miss Charlotte E. Strickland, Bradford, Vt.	Mrs. Mary E. Extein, Springfield.	Mrs. Annie W. Woolson, Cambridge.	1920
George A. Torrey, Boston.	Miss Julia M. Fox, Arlington.	Mrs. Elisabeth Adams, Westboro.	1921
Mrs. Martha M. West, Ordwell, Ohio.	Mrs. Elisabeth M. French, Brookline.	Charles M. Blake, Boston.	1921
Miss Florence E. Wilder, Cambridge.	Nahum Godfrey, Easton.	Hon. Henry W. Bragg, Boston.	1921
Helen R. Willard, Harvard.	Mrs. Carrie E. Greene, Springfield.	Miss Lucy S. Brewster, Boston.	1921
Mrs. Abby H. Williams, Worcester.	Mrs. Hattie S. Hathaway, Boston.	Edward A. Carroll, Boston.	1921
Mrs. Mehitable C. C. Wilson, Cambridge.	Mrs. Abigail White Howe, Cambridge.	Miss Lilian F. Clarke, Boston.	1921
Charlotte L. Wright, Georgetown.	R. Arthur Leeds, Boston.	Robert W. Clifford, West Boylston.	1921
John I. Burr, Philadelphia.	Lot G. Lewis, Hyannis.	Charles W. Cook, Boston.	1921
Mrs. A. Bertha Caton, Watertown.	Miss Emily V. Lindsey, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	Frank M. Crosby, Boston.	1921
Hiram B. Cross, M. D., Jamaica Plain.	Mrs. Catherine McCully, Manchester, N. H.	Miss Josephine M. Dickinson, Chicago.	1921
Mrs. Abbie M. Field, Brookline.	Cornelia A. Mudge, Boston.	Miss Kate F. Everett, Boston.	1921
Mrs. Rachel M. Gill, Boston.	Mrs. Ellen Nichols, Ann Arbor, Mich.	Charles W. Fitch, South Dakota.	1921
Sarah A. Hamm, Boston.	Mrs. Elisabeth Robinson, Middleboro.	William A. Foss, Boston.	1921
Mrs. Adelaide E. Ingraham, Springfield.	Maria J. Shepherd, Revere.	Mrs. Eliza W. Frost, Winchester.	1921
Joseph L. Keith, Grafton.	Margaret A. Simpson, Somerville.	Lyman Gibbs, Roxbury.	1921
Oliver I. Kimball, Newton.	Mrs. Pamela J. Tower, Springfield.	Robert L. Golbert, Worcester.	1921
Thomas Kingsbury, Newton.	Mrs. W. W. Warren, Boston.	Miss Sarah A. Haskell, Boston.	1921
E. S. Morton, Plymouth.	Edith Whitemore, Boston.	Lorenzo Dow Hawking, Stoneham.	1921
Simon D. Paddock, Syracuse, N. Y.	George Allen, Pierpont Manor, N. Y.	Mrs. Frances M. Howe, Northboro.	1921
Mrs. Sarah J. Prouty, Watertown, N. Y.	Howard Brown, Boston.	George W. Kimball, Lynn.	1921
Edna C. Rice, Lowell.	William Connelly, Boston.	Miss Mary I. Locke, Newton.	1921
Col. F. S. Richardson, North Adams.	Mrs. Augusta E. Corbin, Boston.	Cyrus C. Mayberry, Boston.	1921
Mrs. Annie M. Sargent, Boston.	Mrs. Robert D. Evans, Boston.	Miss Ellen V. Pierce, Somerville.	1921
Sarah E. Skinner, Brookline.	Miss Florence Gilley, Marblehead.	Mrs. Mary A. Reed, Boston.	1921
Helen B. Smith, Worcester.	Edward Glines, Somerville.	Mrs. Margaret Simmons Rice, Boston.	1921
George W. Soren, New York, N. Y.	John C. Hatch, Hingham.	Miss Annie L. Richards, Boston.	1921
Miss Katherine Allen, Worcester.	Mrs. Sarah E. Keith, Taunton.	Mrs. Eliza D. Robinson, Worcester.	1921
Miss Harriet O. Cruft, Boston.	George W. Moses, Brookline.	Miss Elizabeth H. Russell, Plymouth.	1921
Dr. George E. Foster, Springfield.	Mrs. Adelaide M. Simmons, Pittsfield.	George F. Simpson, Newton.	1921
Benson W. Frink, West Boylston.	Nellie M. Simpson, Lawrence.	Miss Helen L. Stetson, Lynn.	1921
Charles H. Greenwood, Boston.	Judson Williams, Lynn.	Henry O. Underwood, Belmont.	1921
Mrs. Frances H. Hood, Hamilton.	Erastus C. Alden, Foxboro.	Miss Elizabeth J. Wood, Holyoke.	1921
Franklin P. Hyde, Boston.	Miss Melinda Anderson, Westfield.	Miss Agnes Wyman, Shrewsbury.	1921
Mrs. Charles W. Kennard, Boston.	Miss Ellen A. Austin, Brookline.	William S. Young, Winthrop.	1921
Ellen McKendry, Stoughton.	Charles C. Barney, Brookline.	Miss Alice W. Bancroft, Brookline.	1921
Cornelius N. Miller, North Adams.	Mrs. Adelia Carr Bromwich, Tacoma, Wash.	Miss Anna B. Barlow, Boston.	1921
Sarah Mott, Buffalo, N. Y.	H. W. Carpenter, New York, N. Y.	Hon. Chas. A. Barnard, Boston.	1921
Edward H. Palmer, Reading.	Miss Edith Davies, Marlboro.	George M. C. Barnard, Ware.	1921
Mrs. Sarah E. Phillips, Lincoln, Ill.	Marie A. Davis, Boston.	James A. Blaisdell, Lynn.	1921
William Ward Rhoades, Boston.	Helen C. Everett, Boston.	Miss Emily Howland Bourne, New York, N. Y.	1921
Charles D. Sias, Boston.	Amy Shattuck Flewelling, Malden.	William Clarence Brige, Lynn.	1921
Mrs. Frank P. Speare, Brookline.	Mrs. Ellen F. Kennedy, Worcester.	Miss Annie H. Brown, Boston.	1921
Granville L. Thayer, Middleboro.	Prentiss M. Kent, Boston.	Florence Cairns, Washington, D. C.	1921
Mrs. Phoebe W. Underwood, Worcester.	Mrs. Ernestine M. Kettle, Weston.	Miss Annie E. Caldwell, Boston.	1921
Mrs. Addie F. Walker, Barre.	Sarah E. Martin, Cheshire.	Miss Harriet Maria Champney, Boston.	1921
Miss Nellie H. Bonney, Haverhill.	W. P. McMullen, Salem.	Charles P. Darling, Newton.	1921
Charles A. Boynton, Everett.	Sarah B. Mitchell, Dartmouth.	Roswell L. Douglas, Brookline.	1922
Eleazer D. Chamberlin, Newton.	Emily Shattuck Neal, Boston.	Benjamin T. Ellms, Scituate.	1922
Mrs. Sarah M. Coates, Melrose.	Mary B. Olmsted, Moodus, Conn.	Sarah R. Griffin, Fall River.	1922
J. Chancellor Crafts, Boston.	Marion Amelia Randall, Marshfield.	Mrs. Alice Tobey Jones, Wareham.	1922
Hubert Daly, Boston.	Elizabeth Reed, Boston.	Miss Minnie Jones, Springfield.	1922
Mrs. Mary E. Edson, Wentworth, N. H.	Mrs. Anne W. Sanborn, Rockport.	Mrs. Sarah Jones, Brookline.	1922
Leland Fairbanks, New York City.	Mrs. Florence A. Sanborn, Boston.	Miss Caroline C. Kendall, New York, N. Y.	1922
Mrs. Mary E. W. Frink, West Brookfield.	Era Otis Swift, Boston.	James Henry Leighton, Somerville.	1922
Mrs. Helen M. Griggs, Minneapolis, Minn.	Abbie T. Vose, Boston.	Minetta MacConnell, Plymouth.	1922
Miss H. Isabel Ireson, Lynn.	Isabelle Wait, Greenfield.	Miss Julia Ardelle Mann, Milville.	1922
Miss Martha V. Jones, Cambridge.	Crannmore N. Wallace, Boston.	Mrs. Annie R. Maynard, Boston.	1922
Mrs. Georgia Tyler Kent, Worcester.	Miss Annie M. Washburn, New Bedford.	Miss Maria Murdoch, Winchester.	1922
Benjamin Leeds, Boston.	Cordelia H. Wheeler, Boston.	Mrs. Minette V. Newman, Winchester.	1922
Mrs. Susan H. Leeds, Boston.	Jane M. Willett, Boston.	Mrs. Ellen O'Connor, Boston.	1922
Mrs. V. C. Lord, Springfield.	Mrs. Mary W. Almon, Newport, R. I.	Mrs. Anne Maria Page, Brookline.	1922
Mrs. Sarah D. Magill, Springfield.	Morton V. Bonney, Hanover.	Mrs. Anne L. Renton, Weston.	1922
Kilburn S. Porter, Lawrence.	Mrs. Lucy A. Botsford, West Roxbury.	Malinda D. Rice, Athol.	1922
Miss Mary B. Proctor, Jamaica Plain.	Walter H. Breed, Lynn.	Miss Lillian S. Saunders, Lynn.	1922
William H. Raynard, Dartmouth.	Mrs. Eliza J. Clum, Milton.	Miss Ellen M. Sawyer, Cambridge.	1922
Joseph C. Storey, Boston.	Chas. Wells Cook, Boston.	Mrs. Abby G. Sherman, Waltham.	1922
Horace W. Wadleigh, Cohasset.	Elizabeth W. Davenport, Brookline.	Mrs. Harriet A. Smith, Springfield.	1922
Charlotte Rice Whittemore, Boston.	Fred R. F. Ellis, Brookline.	Mrs. Evangeline Swan, Springfield.	1922
Mary E. Winter, Gloucester.	Arthur F. Estabrook, Boston.	Mrs. Calista C. Thatcher, Attleboro.	1922
Mrs. Mary A. Ballou, Boston.	Mrs. Mary A. A. Everett, Boston.	Mrs. Alice W. Torrey, Boston.	1922
Henry H. Butler, Boston.	Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, Brookline.	Lilla W. Trask, Springfield.	1922
Miss Helen Collamore, Boston.	Lucia Foskit, Wilbraham.	Oliver M. Wentworth, Boston.	1922
Mrs. William H. Coverdale, Genesee, N. Y.	Emma R. Gamwell, Cleveland, Ohio.	Mrs. Laura M. Wingate, Auburndale.	1922
Mrs. Martha E. S. Curtis, Burlington.	Allen Haskell, Boston.	Mrs. Martha A. Alexander, Needham.	1922
Orlando H. Davenport, Boston.	Mrs. Annette Trull Hittinger, Belmont.	Mrs. Anna L. Bell, Milford.	1922
Mrs. Ellen B. Derby, Springfield.	Mrs. Mary Gilbert Knight, Boston.	Mrs. Helen O. Bigelow, Boston.	1922
Mrs. Edward B. Everett, Boston.	Lydia F. Knowles, Boston.	Philip J. Blank, Winchester.	1922
Miss Lottie I. Flint, Dracut.	Nathan Lamb, Leicester.	Franklin P. Bond, Medford.	1922
Edward Friebie, Cohasset.	Thomas St. John Lockwood, Boston.	George Z. Dean, Cheahire.	1922
Mrs. Caroline F. Hollis, Groveland.	Jane A. Maher, Boston.	Capt. Guy M. Edwards, Chelsea.	1922
Mrs. Eunice Wells Hudson, Boston.	Elmer P. Morse, Dedham.	Mrs. Ida Estabrook, Boston.	1922
Miss Penninnah Judd, Augusta, Me.	Mariot W. Putnam, Fitchburg.	Emiline M. Evans, Medford.	1922
Marcus M. Keyes, Boston.	Mrs. Mary F. G. Price, Pittsfield.	Sarah Elisabeth Foster, Boston.	1922
Miss Emma T. Kieselhorst, St. Louis, Mo.	Allen Russell, Achushnet.	Laura E. Fuller, Great Barrington.	1922
Miss Katherine Knapp, Boston.	David A. Snell, New Bedford.	Josiah A. Hager, Marlboro.	1922
Miss Jane M. Lamb, Greenfield.	Miss Lydia E. Sumner, Dorchester.	Sarah T. Hammond, Boston.	1922
Everett Lane, Rockland.	Mrs. Ida M. Thayer, Bradford.	Thomas H. Hoyt, Merrimac.	1922

1915	Mrs. Eliza F. Mallalieu, Newton	1923
1915	E. Florence Morse, Norwood	1923
1915	Hannah M. Peatfield, Ipswich	1923
1915	Ida L. Plummer, Pepperell	1923
1915	Dr. Alice A. Robison, Amenia, N. Y.	1923
1920	Claudius W. Ryder, Holyoke	1923
1920	Mrs. Ernestine W. Schoepflin, Boston	1923
1920	Minnie B. Hobbs Tripp, Watertown	1923
1920	Mrs. John M. Whitney, Upton	1923
1920	Borden G. Wilbert, Pittsfield	1923
1920	Thornton D. Apollonio, Brookline	1924
1920	Mrs. Mary S. M. Beeman, Shelburne Falls	1924
1920	Mrs. Aurelia H. Bonney, Brockton	1924
1920	Mrs. Sarah J. Briggs, Attleboro	1924
1920	Julia M. Day, W. Springfield	1924
1920	Samuel Aldey Eastman, Milford	1924
1920	Abbie F. Farmer, Arlington	1924
1920	Mrs. John L. Gardner, Boston	1924
1920	Charles W. Gifford, South Dartmouth	1924
1920	Miss Alice Gray, Andover	1924
1920	Mrs. Alice G. Howe, Manchester	1924
1920	Frank L. Howes, Brookline	1924
1920	Miss Alice F. Howland, Taunton	1924
1920	Myra Corinne Hoyt, Boston	1924
1920	Abbie J. P. Kimball, Lawrence	1924
1920	David H. Kirkpatrick, Hubbardston, Mich.	1924
1920	Frances Kneeland, Skaneateles, N. Y.	1924
1920	Mr. and Mrs. Loewi, Stuttgart, Germany	1924
1920	Mrs. Martha D. S. Ludington, W. Springfield	1924
1920	Elmira E. Merritt, Templeton	1924
1920	Mrs. Kate M. Morse, Boston	1924
1920	Helen Evelyn Peckham, Framingham	1924
1920	Laban Pratt, Boston	1924
1920	Elizabeth Sedgewick Rackemann, Milton	1924
1920	Mrs. Clark C. Ramsay, Waitsfield, Vt.	1924
1920	John A. Roberts, Lynn	1924
1920	Thomas O. Rogers, Brookline	1924
1920	Mrs. John H. Storer, Waltham	1924
1920	Miss Maude C. Swallow, Quincy	1924
1920	Mary Pinkham Tilley, Boston	1924
1920	Elizabeth Kendall Upham, New York, N. Y.	1924
1920	Sarah E. Veasey, Quincy	1924
1920	Augustus Wheeler, Milford	1924
1920	Abbie N. White, Grafton	1924
1920	Mrs. Ellen A. Whitney, Upton	1924
1920	Miss Mary M. Wood, Boston	1924
1920	Mrs. Clara Woolls, Saco, Me.	1924
1920	Mrs. Constance W. Zerrahn, Milton	1924
1920	Mrs. Henrietta Arnold, Hudson	1925
1920	Sarah B. Baxter, Sharon, Vt.	1925
1920	Franklin P. Bond, Medford	1925
1920	Mrs. Abbie Burr, Newton	1925
1920	Edward A. Carroll, Boston	1925
1920	Elli B. Cody, Boston	1925
1920	Julia M. Cushman, Worcester	1925
1920	Mrs. Amanda E. Dwight, Melrose	1925
1920	Emma Evans, Westfield	1925
1920	Mabel L. Fernald, Boston	1925
1920	Caroline A. Fuller, Lexington	1925
1920	George Foster Howell, Brooklyn, N. Y.	1925
1920	Mrs. Louisa C. Hudson, Woburn	1925
1920	Mrs. Cynthia Kirby, New Bedford	1925
1920	John F. Lee, Lynn	1925
1920	Ellen L. Lennon, Medford	1925
1920	Mrs. Genevra E. Lester, Springfield	1925
1920	Emma F. Low, Springfield	1925
1920	William H. Maynard, Winchester	1925
1920	Hon. Levi Morrison, Greenville, Pa.	1925
1920	Mrs. Mary W. Newell, Concord	1925
1920	Lydian B. Roberts, Springfield	1925
1920	Laura R. Rollins, Salem	1925
1920	Max E. Rosenfeld, Boston	1925
1920	Mrs. Helen White Sargent, Detroit, Mich.	1925
1920	Charlotte M. Sherman, N. Attleboro	1925
1920	Mrs. Charlotte T. Stevens, Milton	1925
1920	Mrs. Abbie L. Washburn, Dorchester	1925
1920	Mrs. Annie B. Webb, Salem	1925
1920	Sarah G. Weeden, Boston	1925
1920	Arthur W. West, Salem	1925
1920	Marta A. Willcomb, Boston	1925
1920	Edward Pierson Beebe, Falmouth	1926
1920	Emily F. Carpenter, Malden	1926
1920	Susan C. Dickinson, Lunenburg	1926
1920	Francis M. Edwards, Boston	1926
1920	Mrs. Martha S. Ensign, Cambridge	1926
1920	Max A. Farley, Watertown	1926
1920	Mrs. Margaret Guilfoyle, Chelsea	1926
1920	Mrs. Luis S. Kimball, Brookline	1926
1920	Mrs. Mary Jackson, Cambridge	1926
1920	George L. Johnson, Newton	1926
1920	Annie P. Newhall, Lynn	1926
1920	Mary B. Pierce, Taunton	1926
1920	Florence S. Robbins, Plymouth	1926
1920	Mrs. Julia M. Roby, Cambridge	1926
1920	Lucinda Ellen Shaw, Boston	1926
1920	Harriet O. Slocum, Pittsfield	1926
1920	Frank Bartlett Thayer, Brookline	1926
1920	Mrs. Elizabeth L. Walker, Brookline	1926
1920	Mrs. Caroline E. Westgate, Fall River	1926
1920	Mary W. C. Whiting, Hingham	1926
1920	Mary C. Wiggin, Newburyport	1926
1920	Mary Ann Wood, Northboro	1926
1920	Lydia D. Woodbury, Beverly	1926

HAVE YOU GIVEN IT A THOUGHT?

WHAT about investing your money in business corporations which, having to employ many animals, are indifferent to their sufferings, or knowingly permit employees to treat them cruelly, often in a brutal manner? We have just heard of one such prominent corporation, and may have something more to say about such business methods later.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

A Modern St. Francis
WILLARD D. MORGAN

ON a recent trip to Imperial Valley in Southern California I visited my good friend Alex Fuзи, a clever Italian and dairyman, whose love for animals reminds me of St. Francis of Assisi. I always make it a point to stop at Fuзи's forty-acre dairy farm because there is always a welcome from him. My visits are usually timed so that I will find my friend among his cows at milking time, when there is plenty of time to talk and work at the same moment.

my observation. Some were scampering off to one side, others were kicking up their heels, while most of them came loping until they had all completely surrounded us. I glanced at Alex, who was smiling and accepted the homage bestowed upon him by his dairy herd with apparent delight and satisfaction. He scratched their ears and patted their necks, while the ones in the rear tried to wedge through to the front. I have been among hundreds of herds, but this was the first time



ALEX FUЗI AMONG HIS COWS ON CALIFORNIA RANCH

"Well, well, what you do?" is the usual greeting from my friend when we first meet. Usually he has his cheek against the warm flank of one of his favorite animals and is making the white milk foam in the big five-gallon pail. Fuзи has thirty cows and loves them as he would a child. The cows lie around waiting to be milked and always perfectly at ease, because they have grown to love their master.

A cow will slowly lumber up and nudge Alex on the back and possibly venture a long rough lick with her tongue to demonstrate true cow affection. Instead of giving a vicious kick or curse, as is often the case of milkers, this milker often stops work a moment to pat the loving cow or scratch her nose or ears. Then, as if apparently satisfied with her assurance of friendship with Alex, she goes on her way, chewing her cud with infinite satisfaction.

"Pet" is one cow who possesses a real jealousy, and if she isn't milked first there is marked disapproval displayed. Sometimes Alex will milk a fresh cow or others which need attention before any of the rest. Being slighted in such a way causes Pet to follow her milker from cow to cow, insisting by many scratchy licks with her tongue that she should come first. Then Pet's turn comes and after being milked she goes off to lie down or eat with great satisfaction for the world and with the assurance that Alex still loves her.

One day, while walking across the pasture with Alex, I suddenly experienced the most unusual sensation I have felt for a long time. We happened to look around and saw the entire herd of thirty cows coming at us through the tall alfalfa. They were not running like any ordinary herd should run, according to

I had ever seen such a demonstration of kindness to animals appreciated in such a spectacular manner.

As we went on across the field, the cows followed while Alex talked to them or administered a vigorous scratch or pat to a nearby cow worshiper. "Oh, they act that way all the time," said Alex, after we had gone through the fence and left the cows looking at us from the other side. I knew then why he had refused to sell his herd to a city buyer for a very high figure. He was making a good living from his cows, but beyond that he couldn't think of parting with his best friends.

Not only does Alex Fuзи love his cows, but he has a great affection for his horses, six goats, and three dogs. There is a pleasant spirit of contentment about this dairy farm which is noticeable at once; all due to a little kindness among the ranch animals. Any animal will respond to kind treatment, and these cows are no exception.

FLOWN

A FLY and a flea in a flue were imprisoned. Now what would they do?
"Let us flee!" said the fly.
"Let us fly!" said the flea.
So they flew through a flue in the flue.

KEEN SCENT

NOW, boys," said the teacher, "can any of you tell me how iron was first discovered?"

"Yes, sir!" cried one.
"Well, my boy, explain it to the rest."
"I understood my father to say that they smelt it, sir."

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
4. An imitation gold badge for the president.

Price list of literature and Band of Mercy supplies, omitted from this issue of *Our Dumb Animals*, will be sent free upon application.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

One thousand one hundred and eleven new Bands of Mercy were reported in December. Of these, 577 were in schools of Virginia; 147 in schools of Rhode Island; 126 in schools of Minnesota; 119 in schools of Massachusetts; 63 in schools of North Carolina; 37 in schools of Georgia; 30 in schools of Pennsylvania; four in schools of Syria; two each in schools of North Dakota and Washington; and one each in schools of Illinois, Ohio, Indiana and Texas.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 159,581

THIS YEAR'S POSTER CONTEST

THE Humane Poster Contest for 1927, under the auspices of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., will be open to pupils of High and Grammar grades in all the public and parochial schools in Massachusetts.

The awards, which will be distributed liberally, will consist of handsome medals, especially designed for the purpose. Honorable Mentions, to be awarded by one year's subscription to *Our Dumb Animals* (value, \$1.00), will be given in every school entering at least three posters. The results will be announced on April 20, 1927.

The prize-winning posters will be on exhibition at the Fine Arts Department, Boston Public Library, April 18-24, 1927.

For full particulars of the contest write to the Secretary, Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

THE SPIDER

SERENELY on her tiny loom
She weaves her web, with careful art.
And who am I, with meddling broom,
To rend its loveliness apart?

For I, who am a weaver too,
Look on that intricate design,
And know its deft embroideries
Are far more beautiful than mine.

I stay my hand, for when I see
Those fairy tapestries agleam,
How can I wantonly destroy
A fellow-craftsman's dearest dream?

So I must lay aside my broom,
And when my neighbors come to call
I'll draw the blinds, and in the gloom
They'll never see those webs at all!

JAMIE SEXTON HOLME in "Star Gatherer"

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be replaced on application.



MRS. ALMA B. KERR, ORGANIZER OF FIRST S. P. C. A. IN SYRIA, AND CHILDREN OF NEAR EAST RELIEF ORPHANAGE

AN ODE TO THE MULE

LOUISE H. GUYOL

IN the head of a mule is wit. In his heels the power with which to impress that wit upon the world. God-given qualities we know they are, nor does the mule wrap them in the napkin of his meekness and bury them deep in earthly fears as does his foster-brother the horse. If he is imposed upon by mere man he balks, if maltreated he kicks. A horse goes on, under load or lash, until he drops. If a horse slips on the pavement, he gets excited, thrashing about until someone has to sit on his head to save his brains. As a mule falls, so he lies. "Here am I," his immobile body seems to say, "through no fault of my own. You put me in this harness and you made this slippery road. Now, it's up to you to get me out, and not one muscle will I move until you have removed these bands of bondage."

One must love horses—that goes without saying—but may not one respect a mule, whose heels serve his head? Long may they wave, say we.

MOTHER LOVE IN A COW

Point Pleasant, W. Va.
November 8, 1926

Editor, *Our Dumb Animals*.

A few days ago John Vincent, living in this city, sold a calf to a cattle dealer for veal. After the calf had been taken away, the cow, its mother, which was tied along the Ohio River bank, apparently could not forget the calf. One day when a steamboat was passing down the Ohio River, she heard a calf bawling on the boat. No doubt thinking it was her own, she broke the chain with which she was tied, swam out to the steamboat and followed it quite a distance down the river. Finally giving it up, she made her way back to the West Virginia side of the river and in a few minutes after gaining the shore she dropped dead from exhaustion. This is a real case of mother love among animals.

FREDERICK ROSEBERRY

ORPHANS PROTECT ANIMALS

TO the right, in this picture, is seen Mrs. Alma B. Kerr, Near East Relief director, who organized the first S. P. C. A. in Syria, and who discovered Mr. Rida Himadi, with whose humane activities our readers are familiar. Seated on the camel is Said Helim, the first charter member of the S. P. C. A. founded by Mrs. Kerr.

The camel lives next door to the orphanage and is the first of its kind to be raised by an S. P. C. A. member and probably is the only camel in the Near East that permits children to pet it. Why? Because this beast of burden has never known abuse.

Camels and donkeys lead a hard, hard life in the Near East. It is no unusual thing to stick pins in their neck to make them go fast, to beat them unmercifully, and to load them almost beyond endurance.

Other children seeing the pleasure animals give if treated with consideration are emulating the boys and girls in Near East Relief orphanages by treating animals as considerately as they would like to be treated. All the thirty-five Near East Relief orphans in Syria, Palestine, Greece and Armenia now have Bands of Mercy, and the 35,000 children under American care are spreading the principles of the S. P. C. A. throughout Bible lands.

INFORMATION WANTED

ABOUT 1882 there appeared in the first edition of "Band of Mercy Melodies," a hymn beginning "Maker of earth and sea and sky," by Miss Emily Bryant Lord. Information about this writer is earnestly requested and anybody who can give it will confer a great favor by writing to *Our Dumb Animals*, Boston, at once.

CHILDREN'S PAGE OMITTED

THE regular Children's Page is omitted this month to allow room for the special Lincoln feature with its strong appeal to children and adults alike. The Children's Page will be continued as usual next month.

1909

FEBRUARY 12

1927

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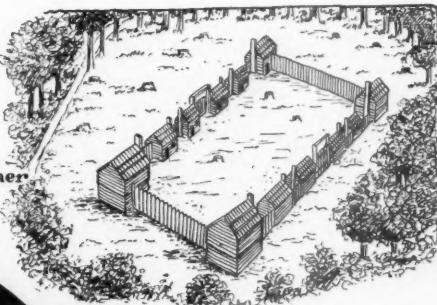


Birthplace of Lincoln



Lincoln studying by firelight

Home
of
Lincoln's
grandfather



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Die when I may—I want it
said of me by those who
know me best, that I always
plucked a thistle and
planted a flower, where I
thought a flower would grow

ABRAHAM LINCOLN



I do the very best I know how —
the very best I can and I
mean to keep doing so 'till
the end. — If the end brings
me out all right, what is said
against me won't amount
to anything

ABRAHAM LINCOLN



I must stand with anybody
that stands right; stand
with him while he is right
and part with him when
he goes wrong

ABRAHAM LINCOLN



I feel that I cannot succeed without
the Divine blessing, and on the
Almighty Being I place my reliance
for support

ABRAHAM LINCOLN



Lincoln Memorial
Hodgenville, Ky.

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Abe Lincoln's Echoing Shot

MOLLIE CHADWICK WINCHESTER

ABE LINCOLN made his first recorded "kill" in the winter of his eighth year. It was a mere feathered bit of forest life. The scene was staged far from the paths of thinking men, far from refining or cultural thought or influence, far off on a tiny clearing on the western horizon—the frontier—where Indian and pioneer stalked one and another with bullet and arrow, off where human souls counted for little and where wild life—the bird and beast of the forest, was never thought of as life at all. These swiftly moving creatures of fur and feathers were, to the woodsmen of the frontier, trifles of flesh whereon one might train the hunting eye, for poor marksmanship was the subject of scorn and sneer.

There, far away in that remote wilderness, in the somber forest, Abe Lincoln killed small game when a mere child of eight. The shot rang clear in the silence of the clearing, "Bang!" Then calm, deep, unbroken as before, shrouded the woods and grassy plain. All was tranquil save the lad's conscience. And the echo of that single shot stayed in the boy's memory, moulding and indelibly stamping its effect on his whole life, for when Abraham Lincoln, the great-hearted, deeply understanding President of the United States, the national voice which cried "Free the Slave," stood at the height of his world-power and looked down through the years, he remembered the youthful shot, told sadly of the pain it had brought him, and added in gentle voice, that he had "never since pulled the trigger on any larger game."

It was a severe winter, that winter when Abe Lincoln was eight years old—young in years, old in soul and sympathy. His father had gone off on a trip, leaving the child sole protector of his ailing mother and elder sister, Sarah. The father had not intended staying so long perhaps, but a journey was not easy when one had only rough, precarious trail of buffalo and deer for path through unbroken wilderness. So the winter days stretched into weeks. Abe's mother was ill. Ten-year-old Sarah did the simple household tasks, cooking their meager meals at the great log fire which blazed outdoors before the crude shelter, a windowless, doorless, floorless, log-cabin, which was their frontier home. Small Abe kept the fire burning day and night, the long winter through, to keep off prowling animals, bears, panthers, wolves and other beasts that might slip under the flapping deer-skin which served as door to the log cabin. Often in the night time Abe and Sarah heard their stealthy pad, pad, pad, pad, as they searched hungrily for prey near the clearing. But more alarming than the howl and hungry teeth of famished forest beast, more alarming than the fangs of icy blasts which tore greedily through every crevice of the roughly constructed cabin, was the giant spectre of starvation which squat as unbidden guest at every meal. Of course, there was some corn and few potatoes, but as the days passed the supply grew dangerously low. The corn dodgers which Sarah made, grew smaller and smaller, and she urged Abe to bring large game to supplement the dwindling store.

Down to the deer-lick, where their father killed with ease, they went together when long shadows came down to shield the timid deer. Through the dusk the beautiful creatures came from all parts of the dark forest aisles to lick

the salty ground or to sup the salty water that lay in shallow pools in the quiet glen. But as the little huntsman and his sister peeped out from behind the great trunks of the forest oaks, they only whispered of the soft eyes of the deer-mother as she caressed her white-spotted fawn, and they thought of their own mother's soft caress as she told them stories before the flickering, spice-scented blaze, and gently stroked their cheeks or brushed stray locks from childish brow. How closely the baby deer kept to its mother's soft side, as the mother passed to and fro, licking here and there for the salty flavor. How carefully the mother guarded her lovely fawn, sniffing, sniffing at the dusky shadows, lest lurking foe catch her unawares. Silently the hidden children watched. The loaded gun lay idle on Abe's knees.

A twig broke suddenly under Sarah's hand. Up went the deer-mother's head. A cry of alarm from the leader whose spreading horns proved him a worthy protector, and they were gone. Over thicket and brush they leaped, and soon only a crackling twig told where they had passed in their phantom-like flight.

Sarah said not a word as the airy, soft-eyed mother of the woods and the beautiful herd vanished, becoming one with the darkness, but when the first pink light of dawn brought the next day to the east, she crept to the pile of dried leaves, which was Abe's winter bed, and whispered that he come softly to the door.

There! Right before their own flapping deer-skin entrance strutted a large flock of wild turkeys. How beautiful their bronze plumage flashed in the early light, gold, red, purple, blended to flash back the sun's first rays. Sarah nudged Abe's arm. How close they were, these plump birds. Almost to the very threshold they thronged. Surely a random bullet must hit two at once, so many and so closely they flocked. How near! The dawn was deep, silent, no ripple of sound stirred save the low, contented cooing of the turkey gobbler. No life was apparent save the turkey flock in the Lincoln clearing.

On tip-toes Abe crossed the cold dirt floor to take his father's gun from its peg. Breathlessly he and Sarah crept to a small crack in the log-wall. Silently the gun went through the hole. The wild birds were still picking, picking, here a worm, there a bit of corn-dodger and sometimes even a kernel of the corn. What a feast the hungry birds were enjoying! The little pullets ran gleefully hither and thither, peeking, peeking, cooing, joyously. The big, plump gobbler strutted proudly on the outer edge, master of the bronze-hued brood.

"Bang!"

A little puff of smoke came from the hole in the side of the log cabin. A startled cry from many bird-throats. A whir-r-r-r-r of wings. The peaceful feast was over. The flock flew fast and far into the forest—safe. All but one flew away. This one lay near the deer-skin door, fluttering. He shook his beautiful wings and tried to fly with his forest mates. There was a dark stain on the golden-bronze plumage. Now the feathers no longer trembled with fear and life. Abe stroked the dragging wing, softly, gently, tenderly. Here was the leader of the flock, who strutted so vainly but a few moments ago. Abe did not seem to hear Sarah, who was praising his fine marks-

manship. His eyes were far away. With long, thoughtful strokes his fingers caressed the bruised side.

Sarah touched his shoulder and said she was glad of his fine luck, but when Abe raised his head she saw there were tears in his deep eyes, and he told her he was not glad but sorry that he had killed the fowl of the air, and said he would never kill any larger game. That was a big promise to make to oneself, but Abraham Lincoln made it and kept it.

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